

# The Watry TRAGEDY.

Containing three Excellent New Songs.

The Lady's sorrowful Lamentation for the Loss of my Lord Belhaven.

II. The true Churchman's Desire: or the poor Man's Enquiry when the Times will mend: *BRITISH*

III. The Constant Couple.



and likewise I do undertake,

*The Ladies sorrowful Lamentation for the Loss of my  
Lord Belhaven.*

**W**hen Lord Belhaven took  
His last farewell of me,

O Heavens ! how it shook

This noble Soul, you see  
Me fighting, sobing, crying,  
Lamenting in Despair,  
And Brin'y Tears supplying  
The Fire kindled there.

My trembling heart presaged  
Some future Ill, most sure ;  
Which now alas ! enraged,

*Bedlams* alone can cure,  
Look down with Pity Gods !

O Heavens ! Ease my Grief,  
*Great Thunderer* spare your Rods,  
And send me some Relief.

Behold ! my Blooming Beauty,  
Preserv'd for him alone,  
Death quickly hast, and shoot me,  
*Belhaven's* dead and gone ;

Wherefore O Cruel *Neptune* !  
Didst thou so faithless prove ?

First, for to importune,  
And then destroy my Love ;

O Curs'd for ever be,  
Thy Waves, like *Crossdiles*,  
That wast my Love from me,  
To wreck him on these Shelves ;

O Foolish *Eolus* why ?  
Didst thou fierce *Boreas* loose,

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Since *These's* Arms Enjoys,  
Him, and leaves me in the Nooze.

O *Acharen*, now send forth,  
Some dire *Elect* to soon,

To punish in her wrath,  
Those made his Sun set Noon ;

And Vengeance take I pray,

Of all those who combin'd,

To sever from my Arms,

What Heaven once have joyn'd.

Our Contracts there were made,

And none cou'd them untye,

Then since I am betray'd,

In a watry Grave i'll lye ;

A Crimson Stream shall waft,

My floating Soul to him,

To dye for him I love,

Sure *Joue* can't think a Sin :

For *Joue* as some reports,

Upon a certain day,

He left his Godlike Courts,

In a Virgins lap to lay ;

Thus having spoke with speed,

A deadly Draught she took,

Nature its self did bleed,

While *Sol* his light forsook.

*The true Churchman's desire : or, the poor Man's  
Enquiry when the Times will mend.*

Come tell me, my Friend, when will the Times mend,  
No Money there is in the Land ;

For Trading is dead, there's no Work to be had,

And likewise i do understand,

It will be much worse, our Landlords won't trust,  
Not a drop of strong Bn's to be had,  
They tell us most sure, Trust won't pay the Brewer,  
For which I shall surely run mad.

Come do not lament, nor be discontent,  
I have heard my old Grandmother swear  
That *Times* have been bad, such *Nations* they've had  
Ever since she was young, I declare;  
And now she has never a *Tooth* in her Head,  
Her Years they are *Four Score and Ten*;  
Still *Times* they are bad, There's no *Work* to be had,  
And who can tell when it will mend.

My Friend, to be plain, In *Queen B's* Reign,  
As I have heard People to say,  
There was *Money* galore, the *People* were poor,  
For *Work* they'd no cause to complain  
A *Pot* of best *Beer*, was sold I declare  
For two pence, and score if you will;  
You'r welcome they'd cry, but now they deny,  
Without *Money* one *Noggin* won't fill.

When *Charles* wore the *Crown*, the *Princes* went down,  
And *Churchmen* in *England* bore sway;  
But *Lucifer* he soon found out a way  
Poor *England's* *Bliss* to betray:  
Old *Oliver's* *Train*, you know what I mean,  
This glorious *Prince* did pull down,  
And *Trading* and all, was lost in the Fall,  
And ne'er since that *Day* has been found.

When his *Royal Son*, from *Banishment* come,  
And sat upon *England's* *Throne*,  
Our *Trading* again began to come in,  
Huzza *Boys* the day is our own;  
The *Cushions* in *Barns* they did thump,  
High *Church* was the cry, old *Noll* we dole,  
So *Boys* we will down with the *Rump*.

Next *Charles* did come in, for to say of him,  
Indeed I have little to own,  
But yet in his *Reign*, *Trade* flourish'd again,  
We had *Money* *Boys*, now we have none.



They could not be at peace, tho' Trade did increase,  
Such Whimsies came into their Brains;  
They b—nd him quite for an—e 't's right,  
And m—d—take them for their pains.

When O— came in, *Presbyters* again  
Aloud they began for to roar,  
And a pox on the —ch, it grieved us much,  
They got the best part of our Store;  
From *Poor and Low*, to *High and Mighty*, we know,  
Their Title they quickly did raise,  
Had it run a—his rate, we had not had a Groat  
To have kept us the rest of our Days.

Next glorious *Anna* did govern this Land,  
The *Canters* began to look sour;  
But still at the Church they would have a word,  
But she kept it out of their Power;  
No —gmas she would hang on a Tree,  
But always to them was a friend;  
To her Memory we'll drink, tho' we we've such *Chink*  
We shall have more when the Times mend.

And when that will be, indeed, I am sure,  
The *Whigs* have it all in their Power;  
They spend upon W—s best of their Stores,  
With the rest they build Meetings and Towers,  
And thus they destroy what we should prize;  
On *Tops Whigs* force us to feed;  
So to end the Feud, a pox on the —d,  
And send us Peace with all speed.

### The constant couple.

**O** Jemmy pray give over,  
Your Suit I must deny.

The Passion you discover,

It's all Hypocrisy:

For I will never never

Do all that e'er you can,

Be Subject to the Pleasure

Of false deceitfull Men.

He.) Sweet Lady don't deceive me,  
 My Love is Firm and True,  
 And I will still be Faithfull,  
 Dear c ——— unto You,  
 Then pity this my Passion,  
 Thou Angel like divine,  
 What mortal can deceive Thee,  
 Thou charmer of mankind.

She.) O Jemmy men will flatter,  
 Dissemble and betray,  
 The Beauty is quite despised,  
 When Virtue is led away,  
 Then I will never never,  
 Do all that e're you can,  
 Be subject to the Pleasure  
 Of false deceitfull man.

He.) Do not condemn sweet Lady,  
 The race of all mankind,  
 I own that some is fickle  
 And false is as the Wind,  
 But pity this my passion,  
 Thou Angel-like divine,  
 What mortal can deceive thee,  
 Thou charmer of Mankind.

She.) Jemmy when maids are single,  
 The sweet Content they find,  
 But marriage brings but Trouble,  
 I know to Women kind,

When beauty is once enjoyed,  
 The Swain does curse his fate,  
 Some other Face admires,  
 And scornes his loving Mate.

He.) Great Hymen dearest Jewel,  
 I mean the marriage Vow,  
 You know all mighty Monarchs  
 Does to that Duty bow,  
 That pinnacle of Honour,  
 The matrimonial state,  
 What Nymphs beside my jewel,  
 Was ever known to hate.

In June the sweetest Roses,  
 Are in their charming Bloom,  
 But if they are not gathered,  
 Will shed their splendor soon,  
 So beauty is a Virgin,  
 Will quickly fade away  
 Therefore your charms surrender,  
 sweet Goddess while you may.

For I will be as constant,  
 As e're was Turtle true  
 And I will Love no other,  
 Fair C ——— but You,  
 Because my Friends do slight me,  
 O do me not disown,  
 For I may come in Glory  
 Unto my M ——— H ———

The nymph at length grew kinder  
She gave him heart and hand,  
Then in a sumptuous manner,  
They joy'd in Hymen's Bands.  
The streets were strew'd with roses  
Which was both white and gay  
Each loyal soul was crying,  
God send them happy Days.

The small birds of the air,  
They did flock in clusters round,  
And with melodious Harmony,  
Each thus his note did sound.  
Long live this Loyal Couple,  
With Laurels Crown the Day,  
And wish that they may see once,  
The Twenty ninth of ———

And now a lovely baby,  
Does Crown our Days with bliss,  
Now let each Loyal Lover,  
A Pattern take by this,  
Because his name is J——y  
She does him much adone,  
They are the happiest Couple,  
That e're I knew before.

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